



AND SABBATH-SCHOOL COMPANION.

VOLUME XV., No. 18.

MONTREAL & NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 15, 1880.

SEMI-MONTHLY, 30. CTS. per An., Post-Paid.

AFTER MANY DAYS.

How often these words are rendered deeply significant by facts and events in the history of missions. One or two instances in illustration have lately come to our notice. Mrs. Ada C. Chaplin, in the *Helping Hand*, tells the following story:

Not quite three-quarters of a century ago, in the days when missionaries were "tolerated like toads" one year and "hunted like tigers" the next, by the ruling power of British India, John Chamberlain, of the English Baptist Mission, attended the Hurdwar fair. Hurdwar is one of the sacred places of Hindustan, and this year something in the position of the stars made its waters peculiarly efficacious for the washing away of sins; so a hundred thousand Hindus were gathered at their annual festival.

It was such a chance as Chamberlain had long coveted. He preached for twelve days steadily. Crowds pressed around his elephant, or into his tent, for tracts and books. Four or five thousand at once listened to his sermons as quietly as if they had been Christians; then they scattered to their homes.

A movement much less bold than this would have been sufficient in those days to startle the calmest English official. Nerves which permitted the hand quite steadily to sign permits for widow-burning trembled at the possible consequences of such "wild incendiarism." In vain he visited the Governor-General, and urged the fact that not the slightest harm had come from anything he had done.

"A man might discharge a pistol into a powder-magazine without doing any harm," the Governor-General replied, "but no wise man would do it." Chamberlain was compelled to leave that part of the country, and in less than ten years finished his work on earth.

Long afterward, as a missionary of the Church of England was preaching among the remoter villages, he found a group gathered about a tree.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

"Reading a strange book," was the answer. He took it, and found it be a New Testament in Hindustani.

"How did you come by it," he enquired.

"An angel from heaven brought it to us, and it is the book of God," they answered.

"But why have you met together?"

"Since we received it, a great many have believed it, and lost all caste and agreed to meet once a year to hear it."

It appeared that they had received two or three copies at Hurdwar fair, but had written off a number more. On the fly-leaf on one of the printed copies was written "John Chamberlain." He was the "angel."

Who can tell how many seeds, scattered in

day wave in those lands—the harvest we who are "helpers in Christ Jesus" shall share!

In the same general line of illustration, is the following from the *London Missionary Chronicle*:

In 1835, Dr. Meadows, in making a journey along the coast of China, called for a few hours at a small island, where he distributed

here and left some little books and other writings, which contained that doctrine which you preach. He gave them to my father, who charged me when dying to read them and keep them carefully, and perhaps some day God would send some one who would teach the doctrine more fully."

The result of the seed sown by Dr. Meadows, thirty-three years before, was the formation of a church which speedily numbered sixty members, and is now in a healthy and thriving state.

MAKE HASTE SLOWLY.

Two men were once fleeing before an enemy, when a buckle gave way, and one of them found his saddle moving under him.

"I must stop and fix it," said he.

"Not so," said the other, "or we will surely be overtaken."

"It must be fixed, or I may be thrown from the horse, and then yet be also overtaken."

So he got down, and was fixing the buckle, when the man with him cried out, "There they come; we must fly!"

"Yes, when this is done, but not before."

Soon it was done, and, mounting his horse, he rode fast and far away, safe beyond the reach of the enemy.

So it is all through life. You cannot safely go on when things are out of gear. Whatever needs mending, should be mended at once, and then you can go forward.

CHURCH GOING IN SUMMER.

Mary Lyon, whose wise words to her pupils are still worth repeating, said to them once: "Act from principle in regard to going to church. Then you will do right, be it hot or cold, wet or dry. You probably know very little how much your vacant seat in church on the Sabbath affects your pastor. I am sure that it will always do the man of God good to see you regularly in your place in the house of worship, with the interested countenance which always goes with the interested heart."

To this we may add that it always does our own souls good to go regularly to church, and even in sultry weather, when we are most tempted to be self-indulgent, if we conquer the desire, and do our plain and simple duty, to worship the Lord as we ought in the sanctuary, we shall receive strength and refreshment. Church-members should not allow a fatal indolence to sap the foundations of their piety.—*Ex.*



MAKE HASTE SLOWLY.

those twelve days, may have blossomed wholly unseen, and brought forth fruit that has long since made gladder the heavenly home of the sower? Who can tell how many seeds, scattered widely by other sowers on heathen soil, in efforts seemingly fruitless, now wait to add their treasures to the plenteous harvest that shall one

some tracts and other small religious books. The island remained unvisited for 33 years, when a missionary went thither and began to preach the gospel. To his astonishment, one of his hearers said, "We know that doctrine;" and on being asked whence they had obtained their knowledge, the man replied: "Many years ago a foreigner came



Temperance Department.

TURNING OVER A NEW LEAF.

(From Day of Rest)

II.

"Will you turn over a new leaf?" Those words rang in his ears as he walked through the wet uncomfortable weather toward the city. They would not cease their importunity even when he was seated round the convivial board, apparently the most jovial of those jovial ones who, like himself, were making shipwreck of health, wealth, character, happiness, and everything. Their echoes followed him when he returned to his disturbed home, and that night his wife listened with astonishment to the frequent repetition of the words in his drunken soliloquies.

At such times he invariably let fall ominous words confirmatory of Mrs. Bates's fears that they were getting into difficulties. No other ground whatever had she for such a supposition. On the contrary, by actions that spoke louder than words, Mr. Bates represented that they were in a prosperous state. Costly articles of furniture were unexpectedly sent home by him; pictures, statuettes, &c.—for he was an ardent admirer of the fine arts. Mrs. Bates, in her first bursts of astonishment, declared the purchases were altogether superfluous, and made in a fit of extravagance. Had she said in a fit of intoxication, she would have been nearer the mark, for that was the fact. However, she finally took a more charitable view of the matter, and was secretly pleased with the costly "superfluities;" and what housewife would not be?

Mr. Bates never troubled his wife about business matters. When sober, he was emphatically "close" with regard to such topics, though it evidently cost him an effort to keep so. He did not hesitate to tell her, when he had been particularly successful with any of his designs, of the praise and admiration he had gained. Indeed, he could not have disguised his pleasure and satisfaction, for he was naturally a demonstrative man. But nothing further did he deem it expedient to disclose to her; consequently, she had about as much idea of their affairs being in a declining state as the man in the moon, until she learned the import of her husband's drunken mysterious mutterings.

Then fear became her constant companion. She began to think. Yes, her husband was indeed an habitual and a hard drinker. Under such circumstances could business be properly attended to? Such thoughts, such questions, perpetually distressed her. Would he "turn over a new leaf?" She had herself, with much misgivings, once proposed that question to him; but the next moment had accused herself of foolishness, as he scornfully tossed the proposition aside with words of pleasant banter.

A month or two from the time of the commencement of our story, on one of the mid-week evenings, he brought a friend home to dine with him. As usual, he had been drinking, and Mrs. Bates felt in nowise disposed to be very gracious to his guest. Besides, Mr. Jones was not a man calculated to produce a favorable impression on the mind of such a woman as Mrs. Bates, sensible, educated, and generally refined as she was. He was loud and noisy—hilarious would be the best word—and his frequent jokes were coarse and ungentlemanly. Mrs. Bates was not sorry when she could leave the room, and long after her departure the two gentlemen sat over their wine. Half-an-hour or so passed in loose, desultory conversation, when Mr. Bates said, as if suddenly recollecting, "These are the pictures I was speaking of."

"Ah!" ejaculated Jones, rising to look at them; and raising his eye-glass, he scanned them attentively for five minutes with the air of a connoisseur. They were beautiful paintings—one of a Spanish girl with fruit, the other an exquisite Italian landscape.

"Hump! you must come down a cool fifty," said Jones after a quiet survey, and swinging his eye-glass round and round.

"Not a fraction," promptly responded Bates.

"You won't get your first sum anywhere."

"Won't I, though? I tell you, Jones," said Mr. Bates, bringing his hand down heavily on the man's shoulder with tipsy confidence, "I would not part with them for anything that could be offered, although I have such a stock, were it not that I am pushed for cash just now. Why, man, they're splendid!"

"Yes, they are fine pictures," said the other, slowly; "but, at any rate, you'll knock off twenty; come, that's fair."

"I won't!" said the uncompromising Bates, very decidedly. So as Jones saw he was determined, he pressed the subject no longer; and after discussing another bottle, the bargain was arranged satisfactorily to both parties.

Jones met Mrs. Bates on the stairs as he was leaving the house, and wished her "good evening," but she did not comprehend the meaning of the words to her husband, I'll send for them to-morrow, Bates."

When he had gone, Mr. Bates seemed wofully ill at ease. Presently taking a seat immediately opposite his wife, and making an imbecile attempt to look uncommonly sober, he began: "I've been thinking it was very foolish, Marian, to buy those paintings—waving his hand toward them—"quite unnecessary; a piece of unpardonable extravagance."

"I thought so at the time of your purchasing them," said his wife, quietly; "but as we have them it's no use regretting. They are very beautiful."

"Hump! The value of them in pounds, shillings and pence would be infinitely more beautiful to me just now. In fact, I've been talking to Jones about converting them into ditto, and he seems to take up with the idea."

"Sell them, do you mean?—to him?" said she, in undisguised disgust. "Never should such a man have a shilling's worth of mine! There is something about him that I hate!" and her eyes flashed.

"Very probably," replied Mr. Bates; "I don't admire him myself; but the fellow abounds in riches, and it is well for one in my position to have such a friend. The truth is, Marian, my affairs just now are in a critical state, and a good round sum would be of incalculable service to me, therefore I think my wisest plan would be to dispose of those two paintings; they will be the least missed of anything we have."

Mrs. Bates felt alarmed to hear it hinted that it was really necessary to convert any of their possessions into hard, serviceable cash, and then to hear him say, "They will be the least missed of anything we have," sounded like the prelude to something terrible. However, there was no help for it; the paintings went, and, ere long, a few other "superfluous" articles followed them.

One night Mrs. Bates was sitting up alone, waiting for her husband as was her wont. He was unusually late—it was past the midnight hour. The poor woman, weary in mind as well as body, was leaning her head down on her hands, and bitter tears were trickling slowly through her fingers. Her hopes were dying, her cup of happiness seemed dashed aside for ever. It was strange how, at such times, her heart seemed to go out after God; how the burdened spirit seemed to find relief in thinking of Him; and in breathing broken, imperfect prayers, like the first trustful lisps of a little child to its father. Very strange it seemed, for Mrs. Bates had not been a praying woman.

Her husband came in intoxicated, and apparently in a furious passion. She secretly trembled as he paced the room, with rolling, unsteady gait; his eyes glaring, his lips muttering terrible imprecations.

"What is it, Aleck? What's the matter?" she said at length.

"Matter enough," he growled; "but why are you up now? You'd better go to bed, and mind your own business."

She still kept her seat, however, and he went on raving in the same unaccountable style, and uttering horrid oaths. All the intelligible words he let fall from which she could determine the cause of his excitement were—"The wretches! the hypocritical wretches! And so they have been pleased to blaze it abroad that Alexander Bates, the talented architect, has completed failed with his designs for—"

He spoke mockingly, and then came another volley of oaths, uttered in a voice of thunder.

Mrs. Bates rose, and with trembling steps

approached him. "Aleck," she whispered hoarsely, "it is not so really?"

"Of course not; never succeeded so well in my life. It's their jealousy; but I'll be revenged!" and he clenched his fists savagely.

"But who has said it, Aleck?" asked his wife, in the same anxious, trembling tones.

"No one that I care for. I'll ride over their heads yet!" he raved, throwing his arms about tragically. "I'll let the world know who Alexander Bates is! How dare they speak with derogation of me? I'll teach them yet!"

The truth was, those last designs had been almost wholly conceived and drawn out by him whilst under the influence of drink, and were, consequently, most extravagantly and absurdly done. Indeed, when, a day or two subsequently to the above-mentioned outburst of passion, he reviewed his work with sober eyes, he felt ashamed and disgusted, and mentally admitted that the censure he had received was deserved.

From that time he drank more deeply in vain efforts to forget himself and his multifarious troubles. His pride had been sorely wounded.

The family suffered much, and, already on the sliding scale to ruin, their speed became fearfully accelerated.

(To be Continued).

A SCENE AT GLENDALOUGH.

It is work more than talk that is wanted in this busy, bustling world. And although all are not armed with the orator's power and responsibility, all—young and old, rich and poor—can wield the mallet of the workman. This is beautifully illustrated by an incident, the accuracy of which has been abundantly established by those immediately concerned. It is many, many years since Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall visited Ireland, previous to writing their well-known work descriptive of its scenery and customs. On the occasion of their visit to Glendalough, the far-famed district of the seven churches, they observed a young lad seated on one of the tombstones, who, immediately on their approach, doffed his cap, and offered his services as guide over the district. A bargain was soon struck and the party drove off. The lad, full of the quaint old legends of the place, did his work well and to the entire satisfaction of his employers. Returning home after a day's thorough enjoyment, Mr. Hall took a flask from his pocket, and, after partaking of the contents, offered some to the lad. To his utter astonishment the offer was firmly but politely declined. To Mr. Hall such a thing was inexplicable—an Irish boy who would not even taste whiskey was, indeed, a stranger sight than any he had seen during the day. He could not understand it. Resolved to test the lad's principles, he offered him a shilling, then half a crown, then five shillings, if he would drink the poisonous drug; but the lad was firm. Under the ragged jacket there throbbed a true heart. Mr. Hall determined, however, to conquer if possible, and finally offered him half a sovereign, a coin not often seen by lads of his class in those parts. It was a wicked act, and proved too much for the politeness even of an Irish boy. Drawing himself up in something well nigh akin to indignation, and pulling a temperance medal from the folds of his ragged jacket, he firmly told Mr. Hall "that for all the money his honor might be worth he would not break his pledge." The history of the medal was soon told. It had belonged to the lad's father, who had spent the prime of his days in the service of the cruellest of task-masters—Drink. Until the advent of the gentle Apostle of Temperance, happiness had been unknown in yon home on the hill-side. But with his advent, peace and joy prevailed. The medal was now round the lad's neck—a father's dying legacy to his son. Hence his noble and firm resolve. Nor was his heroism in vain. It was too much for Mr. Hall, who there and then screwed the top on to the flask, and threw it into the lake by the side of which they stood. Since that day, and entirely through the influence of that lad, Mr. and Mrs. Hall have been staunch teetotalers, aiding the movement by tongue and pen. In face of an incident such as this, why should any one say they have no influence?

"What if a little rain should say,
So small a drop as I
Can ne'er refresh those thirsty fields,
I'll tarry in the sky?
What if a shining beam at noon

Should in its fountain stay—
Because its feeble light alone
Cannot create a day.
Does not each rain drop help to form
The field-refreshing shower?
And every ray of light
To warm and beautify the flower?"

Mrs. Stowe writes, that when George Shelby visited Legree's plantation to purchase back Uncle Tom, he found himself too late to do more than soothe the poor fellow's last moments, and give him a grave. But, kneeling on the turf which wrapped the clay of his poor old friend, he vowed that from that day forward he would live with a single object, and that to do one man's work in wiping out the shame and disgrace of slavery from America.

Reader! seeing the wreck and ruin caused by the Liquor Traffic and the drinking customs, the wives it worse than widows, the children it starves and orphans, the good it retards, the evil it creates, will you refuse to do one man's work in wiping out the shame and disgrace of our own land?—Our Union.

THE TWO SAILORS.

A mother on the green hills of Vermont was holding by the right hand a son, sixteen years old, mad with love of the sea. And as she stood by the garden gate one morning she said:

"Edward, they tell me, for I never saw the ocean, that the great temptation of a seaman's life is drink. Promise me, before you quit your mother's hand, that you will never drink liquor."

"And," he said, for he told the story, "I gave the promise, and I went the globe over, to Calcutta and the Mediterranean, San Francisco and the Cape of Good Hope, the North and South Poles; I saw them all in forty years, and I never saw a glass filled with sparkling liquor that my mother's form at the gate did not rise up before my eyes, and to-day I am innocent of the taste of liquor."

"Was not that sweet evidence of the power of a single word? Yet that is not half. For," still continued he, "yesterday there came into my counting-room a man forty years old."

"Do you know me?"

"No."

"Well," said he, "I was brought drunk into your presence on ship-board; you were a passenger; they kicked me aside; you took me to your berth, and kept me there till I had slept off my intoxication. You then asked me if I had a mother; I said I had never heard a word from her lips; you told me of yours at the garden gate; and to-day I am master of one of the finest ships in New York harbor, and came to ask you to come to see me."

The mother's words on the green hills of Vermont! God be thanked for the mighty power of a single word!

BOYS AND SMOKING.

A timely note of warning is sounded by the New York Times against the growing evil of smoking among boys. It states that "careful experiments lately made by a physician of repute prove that the practice is very injurious." Of thirty-five boys, aged from nine to fifteen, who had been in the habit of smoking in twenty-seven he found obvious hurtful effects; twenty-two had various disorders of the circulation and digestion, palpitation of the heart, and more or less craving for strong drink, and twelve had slight ulcerations of the mouth. All were treated for weakness and nervousness, but successfully only after they had relinquished smoking. The Times says of this smoking: "One of the worst effects is the provocation of an appetite for liquor, which, indeed, is not confined to the young, but which grown persons are better able to manage. Where boys drink to excess they are almost invariably smokers; and it is very rare to find a man overfond of spirits who is not addicted to tobacco. Men who want to give up drinking usually have to give up smoking at the same time, for they say that a cigar or a pipe generally excites a desire for liquor very hard to control."—The great increase of smoking among boys in recent years is one of the alarming tendencies of our time. There ought at once to be inaugurated a vigorous anti-tobacco crusade throughout the land.

A DUMFRIES publican was fined £6 on Tuesday for taking a family Bible in payment of beer.

THE SABBATH-SCHOOL.

HAVE YOU LED YOUR CLASS TO CHRIST.

BY RAY PALMER, D.D.

I have personal knowledge of the case of a particular teacher which strikingly shows how greatly defective the service of that teacher is who rests content with mere intellectual teaching, instead of coming to his class with the fixed determination to win all their hearts as soon as possible to Christ. The person to whom I refer has some time since gone to receive the recompense of his fidelity, and there need therefore be no hesitation in speaking of his example and success. He was an active man of business, calm but not cold in temperament, deliberate and wise in forming plans, constant to his purpose, and bent on doing the greatest possible amount of good. For a long course of years he was superintendent of the Sunday-school in the large church to which he belonged. In this position it often seemed to me that he exerted scarcely less influence than the average of pastors, so thoroughly was he accustomed to prepare himself, both intellectually and spiritually, for his Sunday work. Perhaps it was in some degree because of what he saw of the want of spiritual power in many teachers, that he was led to do himself what he did at a later period. Believing at length that a change of superintendent might be beneficial to the school, he resigned that office; and then, taking the place of a teacher, he immediately organized a Bible class of fifteen or sixteen young ladies, the greater number of whom were not professed Christians. With this class he commenced at once a course of efforts directed to the end of leading them to give their hearts and lives to their Redeemer with the least possible delay. Every Saturday evening, shutting himself into his library, by thorough study of the lesson, and by special prayer for himself and for his class, he prepared himself for his Sunday labor. At brief intervals he invited the class to his house together, where, after a pleasant social interview by way of cultivating easy acquaintance, he pressed on them the question of personal discipleship, and prayed with them and for their spiritual renewing. They soon manifested great readiness to attend these little gatherings; and then gladly gave him opportunity to converse with them severally, and to give each such counsel as the particular case required. The class once in operation after this fashion, it required no persuasion to secure attendance. Within two years every member of it had united with the church, and the school needing additional teachers they were taken for that service. But the pleasure of being under the care of that teacher had now come to be so well-known that another class of about the same number and character was formed immediately, the same course was pursued, and with the same result. We knew the history of successive classes, and have witnessed, since, the consistent Christian lives of some of those who were connected with them, and who associate with them and their faithful teacher the beginning of the divine life in their souls.

O teacher! magnify thine office. It is one of great responsibility. It should be one of great moral power. By your personal influence, your wisdom, your kindness, your watchful and prayerful love, you may open the hearts of your pupils first of all to you, and then secure the opening of them to Christ.—S. S. Times.

THE SUPERINTENDENT'S PREPARATION.

Mr. Haven's first care was to prepare himself thoroughly for whatever he had to do. This preparation included the deciding what was to be done and the learning how to do it. All this was attended to before the time came for speech or action. He never went to his Sunday-school without knowing before he left home just what he was to do at every step in the school exercises. He knew what hymns were to be given out, what Bible selections were to be read, who was to offer prayer, what announcements were to be made, what he was to say to the school, and how long he was to be in saying it. He never stood in his desk waiting for one minute to think what should be done or said next; that had been settled beforehand. Commonly a memorandum was made of all these points. At his home he noted on a slip of paper the

order of exercises for the coming Sunday. Even when he used a printed form of service, he noted separately the hymns and special readings, the notices, the person who was to pray, and the outline of his brief address, or the order of his examining questions, for the day. To all of these things he gave careful and prayerful thought. Whatever of success he had in this line of service was the result of downright study with a consecrated purpose. What superintendent ever won success in any other way?

It is to be remembered that Mr. Haven began his Sunday-school work without an education, without books, without money, and without leisure. He had, at the start, no well-supplied library, no acquaintance with the contents of books, no time to devote to study if books were available, and no means for the purchase of books. His early circumstances were no more favorable to success than those of the humblest young man who reads this story of his well-doing and wishes he could do as admirably. But Mr. Haven obtained first a Bible and a hymn-book, and until he secured other helps to study he made excellent use of these. He would take time when work pressed hardest—take it from eating or sleeping if necessary—to study his next Sunday's lesson. Unless he knew that lesson well enough to teach it, he did not consider himself ready to lead the teachers in its study, nor yet to lead the school in timely opening and closing exercises while it was under consideration there. Lesson-study with his limited advantages and the few helps at his disposal was no slight undertaking; but he was prayerful and persistent in it, and of course he was successful. This method always brings success in Bible study.

As he gained in means, Mr. Haven added to his stock of books, and all the books which he purchased he made intelligent use of. Gradually he accumulated a well-selected library. The more he learned, the more he wanted to learn. His growing experience helped him to better methods of study, not to getting on without study. Each year found him giving more time, week by week, to preliminary work for his Sunday duties. Latterly he was a careful reader of the best of the multiplied helps to the study of the International lessons, yet without neglecting the fresh study of the Bible. His opening and closing exercises; his special plans for review Sundays, for monthly concerts, for school anniversaries, and for Christmas and Easter services to the latest year of his life—cost him quite as much labor as anything of the sort in the earlier days of his school work. Forty years of experience made him value only the more highly his work at home over what he was to do in the schoolroom. It in no degree lessened his dependence on careful preliminary study. If more superintendents would give as much time to close and prayerful preparation for their Sunday-school duties as Mr. Haven averaged during all the long years of his faithful service, such success as crowned his labors would not be so rare. The trouble is that, as a rule, the less genius a man has, the less he is willing to work. The man of inferior talent continually wants to get on as well as the superior one without giving as much time to it. Mr. Haven did have a certain amount of genius; therefore he worked hard to make himself ready for whatever he had to do.—From "A Model Superintendent."

AN ASSISTANT TEACHER.

BY MRS. C. M. HARRIS.

I imagine that many of you whose eyes fall upon the above title are about to turn with the thought, "That does not concern me; I am not at work in the Primary Department." But wait! the assistant teacher of whom I have a few words to say to-day sits with you every Sunday before your class of boys or girls, who listen more eagerly to her instructions than to yours. We cannot escape her assistance, and it behooves us all to see that she comes not unprepared; for to the unconscious teachings of manner our scholars will give far more ready heed than to the most elaborately prepared presentation of the truth which we can bring to them.

Does she enforce or annul your carefully chosen words? I do not allude now to the mere method of presenting the subject-matter of the lesson, important as is that question; it is one to which, as teachers, our attention is continually called; the corner of the vineyard where I hope to catch the ruthless little fox that is spoiling many a tender vine, is that under the care of our

personal bearing. Perhaps I can entrap him by a few straight-forward questions.

When the "last bell" of the superintendent announces, "I would like instant and undivided attention," do you, fellow-teacher, hurriedly conclude your remarks to the class, find Jenny's gloves for her, send a message to absent Julia, write down the forgotten address, and then give heed to your superintendent? While he is speaking, are your eyes steadily fixed upon him, or do you glance over your notes, &c., turn the pages of the *Sunday-school Times*, and even make some arrangement with a scholar—some appointment for the week to come?

If you do, your assistant is busily at work, clearly enunciating statements like these: "It is not worth while, my dear, to pay much attention to your superintendent; he spoke to you last Sunday; he will probably address you again when the next comes; what he says is of little consequence; you may look around, if you like, whisper to your neighbor, or make yourself familiar with the contents of your Sunday-school book." Are you willing to endorse this teaching?

When, again, a hymn is given out, do you keep your seat when the school is requested to stand, fail to find the place in the book for yourself or your charge, or, finding it, hold it with listless hands under wandering eyes, nor lend your voice, however feeble it may be, to swell the volume of the song! Ah, that child is watching you—see! He is saying to himself: "Teacher doesn't sing; I don't like to sing either; I don't know how, and I—won't!"

That pair of lips is speedily silenced by—your assistant teacher.

Once more. Do you ever keep open-eyed at prayer time lest some child should whisper or play? open-eyed that you may frown and shake your head at him? Do you know what he may read in those open eyes? "Worship is being offered to Almighty God, but I am excused from taking part in it; that I may watch over you. It may be important to ask God's blessing on our services, but you must not feel that it is the most important duty of all—one which would justify your teacher in giving to it, for the time, all her heart and mind and soul and strength. Oh no! prayer is never quite so important as that!"

May I make one more of these questioning suggestions? What does your manner teach your scholars concerning your feeling toward them? Is it an indifferent, a ceremonious, or a tender one? Does it make a place close beside you for the shy child, warm with a smile the neglected and dull one, check with a glance the rude and forward, and shed over all the sunshine of a sincere and heartfelt love? If it does all this, you have found an assistant teacher whose help you could ill afford to spare.—S. S. Times.

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL THREE HUNDRED YEARS OLD.

BY THE REV. E. A. RAND.

A Sunday-school three hundred years old! Yes, every day of it, and more too. And a school started, too, among the Romanists, which should not be forgotten. In the year 1538, at the castle of Arona, Italy, was born Carlo Borromeo. He finally became archbishop of Milan. He was a noble soul. He wanted to change the wrong things about him and started out to do it. That made certain people angry. There was an order of monks called Humiliati, meaning the humiliated. They were anything but humble, for they persuaded one of their order to attempt the life of Borromeo. The archbishop was kneeling at his prayers in church. Suddenly, a pistol-shot was heard, and it rang through the church! The pistol was fired by the would-be murderer sent by the humble men. Luckily, the bullet only grazed the skin of Borromeo, and he was spared to die peaceably in his bed in 1584. One of his good deeds was to insist that the poor children should be gathered in the cathedral every Sunday, and there be taught how to read, and also what the church of Rome believed. Can we not seem to see the inside of the grand church?—rich in ornament, but richer in the little children who are the Good Shepherd's jewels? Before the Sunday-school stands a priest. He hears the children read, perhaps says a prayer, or the famous Apostles' creed. Many years have come and gone since then, and still the children come to Sunday-school in the beautiful cathedral of Milan.—Church and Home.

A REMARKABLE SUNDAY-SCHOLAR.

The following remarkable statement was found among some old family MSS. It is without date, but was probably recorded about the year 1836. The J. Campbell who communicated the incident was the Rev. John Campbell, of Kingsland, the well-known African Missionary.

At the last tea-meeting in connection with one of the schools of London, England, they were interested by the presence of an ancient mariner, who is, doubtless, one of the eldest Sunday scholars in England. He produced a Bible on the occasion, the fly-leaf of which contained a narrative, of which the following is a copy:

"This Bible was presented to me by Mr. Raikes, at the town of Hertford, January 1st, 1781, as a reward for my punctual attendance at the Sunday-school, and good behavior when there. And after being my companion fifty-three years—forty-one of which I spent in the sea service, during which time I was in forty-five engagements, received thirteen wounds; was three times shipwrecked, once burnt out, twice capsized in a boat, and had fevers of different sorts fifteen times—this Bible was my consolation, and was newly bound for me by James Bishop, of Edinburgh, on the 26th day of October, 1834, the day I completed the sixtieth year of my age. As witness my hand.

"JAMES B. NORTH."

Mr. North was a master in the navy. He is a very enlightened and devout man, in the judgment of your brother and friend, J. CAMPBELL.

BROUGHT UP ON THE BIBLE.

The teacher is constantly to treat the Bible as the final authority in all things. Twenty years ago a Protestant gentleman, living in Paris, was called upon by the teacher of the school to which he sent his son, and asked what his method of training his children was. "For," said the teacher, "all the other boys in my school will, when I call on them to tell me about what has taken place among them, either say what is false or else prevaricate; but your son always tells me the exact truth. I have made the trial in several cases, and the result is the same. I wish to know how it is that you bring him up, and what causes the difference between him and his fellows." "Oh! there is no difficulty in answering you," said the parent; "I bring my boy up by the Bible." This seemed only to confound the teacher the more until the gentleman explained to him that in teaching his child what was right and what was wrong, what ought to be done and what ought not, he invariably rested every command and every prohibition upon the Word of God, constantly bringing the authority of the Most High to bear upon the conscience. In this way he put in exercise the strongest of all motives, and secured the result which so much astonished the teacher. All wise parents pursue the same course, but it is to be feared that all Sunday-schools do not. Sometimes the appeal is made to expediency, to love of reputation, to the spirit of emulation, or even to worldly advantage. The true method is to go at once to the Scripture, as the Word of God, and insist that here is the voice against which no resistance is possible. One "Thus saith the Lord" is an end of controversy, for the reason which even a very young child can be made to see, that all men together are not to be listened to, in opposition to the living God.—S. S. Times.

MAKING THE APPLICATION.—The duty of making the application of the lesson should not be omitted by the teacher, on the plea that the superintendent will make some impressive remarks at the close of the session or in the review. What the superintendent says is, after all, an arm's-length business. If the teacher knows the spiritual state of the scholar, the teacher can best make the appropriate application. There is an effect produced by the nearness of the teacher, by the kind tone, and earnest manner, by the look of the eye and by the touch of the hand, which no appeal from the desk can make. The Rev. William Jay, of Bath, England, was once invited to preach in another pulpit. His brother minister asked him before they entered the pulpit, whether he should not relieve him by taking the preliminary part of the service—the prayer, the giving out of the hymns, and Scripture reading before the preaching. Mr. Jay answered, "No, I thank you, I like to whet my own scythe."

A LITTLE WAVE'S HISTORY.

"Tell us a story about what you've seen this summer!"

Five little folk grouped about me before an open wood-fire at the close of an October day of wind and snow, and I, the victim of the above demand, was lying on the rug, ready to be amused and entertained.

"Must I tell the story after all? Well, what shall it be? Shall I tell you about my travels, and the funny little Swiss children, or shall I tell you what a little wave told me one day, as I sat on the rocks and watched it playing in the great ocean?"

"The wave! The wave!" cried one, and all. And so I began:

"My home was in a mountain in Switzerland, the little wave said, near an old hut, amidst mosses and ferns. I was very small; so small you could scarcely see me, except when the sun shone on my face, and made little dimples in my cheeks. I was very merry, and the boy who lived in the hut near by used to throw me pebbles and bright red berries, and sometimes gave me his yellow curls to play with. You might think I was afraid of the great mountains that towered up at my back, and I used to hear people say, as they passed, 'The mountains are frowning.' But I could never understand what they meant, for the great, strong things were always friendly to me, and the one in which I lived was very grateful when I would trickle down its side, and give the thirsty ferns and berries water to drink. Well, I was a happy little thing, with meadows before me, the music of cow-bells day and evening, and the smiling heavens over my head. But, just as little children grow larger and eager to see more of the

world, so I grew larger and less patient, and began to dream about the big ocean, which the boy was always talking about, where, he said, his father sailed big ships, and the moon and stars best loved to shine. To be sure, the sun coaxed me to forget such things through the day, but every night, when the sun and world had gone to sleep, I would look straight up at the stars, and beg them to tell me all about it. You see, I was only a very tiny mountain-brook, after all, and had never seen the great ocean, so far away.

"One day the wind came in a flurry, and whispered strange things to me; the thunder-clouds began to cover the mountain-peaks; the lightning broke the

clouds to pieces, and down came a flood of pouring rain. The earth about me was scattered everywhere, and down I came, bursting my prison-bars, tumbling, rolling, half in terror, half in delight, and unconscious of what was coming. Other streams ran by me, as joyous and eager as I, and, joining them, I found out that I was really on my longed-for journey to the ocean!

"O joy!" I cried aloud, and hurried on, with wonderful visions in my brain. I should soon be part of a great river, they told me, and flow into a lake. And I did, and a pretty blue lake it was, and a happy child was I for many days.

"But still the lake was not the

the roar of breakers on the beach. I tore up trees, banks, grasses, stones and great rocks. I let dams loose, threw pine-trees across wood-paths, laying bare to the world their snake-like roots. On, on in my fury, winding in and out, behind mountains, by great castles, anywhere where I could astonish and frighten! But when I came to the valley which the clouds were bathing in golden glory, little flocks of pink and blue floating in their midst; where, over the tops of the mountains, a rainbow was arching itself, each end resting in the valley below; and where, sweetest of all, I could hear children's voices chanting at vespers, I began to grow ashamed of my wild-

nature smiled and nodded at me, and I never asked myself where I was going, but flowed on, with my secret longing locked up in my bosom,—God only holding the key.

"Do you wonder, then, when the boundless ocean burst upon my sight, and I knew that in one short hour I should be a part of it, that, not with the old wildness and dash, but quietly and singing praises, I went along, sometimes losing sight of my love, but always knowing it was awaiting me with open arms! And now, here I am, one of its own children, a real little wave of the great sea, and I beat against the rocks where people sit, and dream, and tell my life to all who will listen.

The moon and stars and the warm sunshine are my constant friends the world beneath is far more beautiful than I can tell you,—coral island, stately castles, and beautiful maidens who shimmer the ocean with wondrous colors,—blue, emerald, amethyst and gold. Sometimes when the ocean is so radiant with color, I dream of the Swiss valley and mountains, and of the rainbow that taught me patience and hope, and trust, and wonder if God has reflected its beauty here for my sake. So I sing and splash against the rocks with constant rejoicings for my happiness.

"That is the end, children," I said, after a long silence had followed, and hopeful eyes were gazing deep into the dying embers. "And now you must scamper off to bed. Don't forget to think of the wave and its history when you are impatient, and feel you cannot wait longer for what you want."

And I kissed the up-turned faces, with a blessing in my heart for the little wave singing and tumbling about the rocks in the dark night.

—St. Nicholas.



BLUE-JAYS.

ocean, and though I had made friends with the leaves and little islands scattered everywhere, yet I secretly resolved to tell the lady of the lake all about it, and ask her to let me go. She came in the night, gliding along in a silver boat with two swans at its head, up to where I was, near the sandy shore, and told me of an outlet far off. To this she led me, and with a wave of her wand she bid me be free!

"Oh, how wild I grew, and how vain I was, and how proud of my strength! I would show the people in the castle, far-off there, what I could do! Four days the wind raged, and I raged, too, tumbling the rocks about in my bed with so furious a noise that people afterward said it was louder than

ness, to flow more and more slowly, and to be sorry that I should be so impatient and restless. I was truly sorry for my naughtiness, and when I looked at the beautiful rainbow and thought of Him who put it there just for me, perhaps, I said softly to myself, 'If God will only let me be a little wave in the great sea, I will go leagues and leagues, never be fretful again, and wait just as long as He wants me to.'

"And I did grow patient, and though I never thought I was pretty, children called me beautiful, trees and foliage looked down into my heart, and the willows hung their waving tresses over me. Birds came, too, and made me almost delirious with their sweet carollings. All the world of

BLUE-JAYS.

If fine feathers made fine birds, the pretty creatures that you see in the picture would deserve everybody's praise. The brilliant blue of their backs and breasts, the elegant marking of their wings, and the proud crests on their heads, give them a distinguished appearance that wins universal admiration. But with birds, as with boys and girls, it is not always the handsomest that are the best. Judged by the rule of "Handsome is that handsome does," the blue-jay deserves few admirers.

A flock of blue-jays will frequently spend half a day squealing and chattering around the

hollow of a tree or bough, in which some poor little flying squirrel has taken refuge; woe to him if he dares to peep out! And it is a common thing in the western and southern woods to see a whippoorwill chased from spot to spot, blindly trying to escape from a swarm of these blue-jays. They are always aggressive and on the look-out for mischief.

As you see him in the picture, he is finding food for himself, after a fashion that the owner of the corn-field will hardly relish. On the whole, we can't recommend the blue-jay as an example to imitate. Some noisy, quarrelsome, selfish children that I have seen would do well to study his character, as a warning against the indulgence of such dispositions.

AN ALLEGORY.

A great king, desiring to teach his son a practical lesson, ordered a long table to be prepared in one of the galleries of his palace, set out with all manner of toys, fruits and other things which he thought would please the little boy. Taking him to a door at one end of the room, he said to him:

"My son, pass down this hall, and whatever you are pleased with you may take for your own, upon one condition—you are not to turn back. When you have gone the whole length of the table, and have made your decision, go out at the other door and bring me what you have chosen.

Joyfully the little boy started, enchanted with the prospect. He ate and drank, and gathered his hands and arms full of treasures, and presently tiring of what he had, he threw them away to make way for some glittering toy which attracted him farther on, but which, when secured, somehow did not please nor satisfy him as much as he had expected; and he was constantly looking back regretfully to that which he had left behind, or he saw something still further on, which he thought more desirable. Now, instead of being happy in having his choice of all these good things, the little boy grew irritable and dissatisfied. At length he appeared before the king with a sorrowful countenance, and in his hands were a few broken toys.

"Is this all, my son, that you have brought me out of the infinite variety from which you have had to choose?"

"Yes, father," sobbed the weeping boy, "that which pleased me at first seemed so poor and inferior, when I had them, to that which I saw farther on, that I could not be content; and always hoping to see something to please me better, I could not make my choice, and now these are all I have. Oh, if I might go back once more!"

"Not so, my son," said the king;

"that cannot be. But let this lesson sink deeply in your heart. As you go through life, enjoy each day all there is in it of pleasure and happiness; do not look back with vain regrets, nor live in anticipation of future joys, oblivious of those which are within your reach. Let each day bring you its measure of comfort and cheer. The present is all you are ever sure of; by wisely improving it your memories of the past will be pleasant, and your future happiness will be assured."

—Ex.

HIS HAND HELD UP.

A story is told of a street boy in London who had both his legs broken by a dray passing over them. He was laid away in one of the beds of the hospital to die, and another little creature of the same class was laid near by,

"Bobby, they told me at the Mission School as how Jesus passes by. Teacher says as he goes around. How do you know but what he might come around to this hospital this very night? You know him if you was to see him."

"But I can't keep my eyes open. My legs feel so awfully bad. Doctor says I'll die."

"Bobby, hold up your hand and he'll know what yer want when he passes by."

They got the hand up. It dropped. Tried again. It slowly fell back. Three times he got up the little hand, only to let it fall. Bursting into tears he said:

"I give it up."

"Bobby, lend me your hand; put yer elbow on my pillar; I can do without it."

So one hand was propped up. And when they came in the



THE CARNATION.

Our grandmothers called the carnation a pink—
It was not so beautiful then, though, I think.
Few things sweeter or daintier under the sky,
Than a great clump of May-pinks have e'er met the eye.
But carnations are white and carnations are red—
Some are spotted, some striped, and some speckled; 'tis said;
There are no brighter flowers than they to be found,
And with spicier fragrance no blossom is crowned.

picked up sick with famine fever. The latter was allowed to lie down by the side of the little crushed boy. She crept up to him and said:

"Bobby, did you ever hear about Jesus?"

"No, I never heard of him."

"Bobby, I went to a Mission School once, and they told us that Jesus would take you to heaven when you died, and you'd never have hunger any more, and no more pain, if you axed him."

"I couldn't ask such a great big gentleman as he is to do anything for me. He wouldn't stop to speak to a boy like me."

"But he'll do all that you ax him."

"How can I ax him if I don't know where he lives, and how could I get there when both my legs is broke?"

morning the boy lay dead, his hand still held up for Jesus.—*U. Christian Weekly.*

AFRAID TO SWEAR ALONE.

The wicked practice of swearing, which is so common as to offend the ear in every hotel and on almost every street, is often mere bravado. Boys think it sounds manly to be profane, and men think it gives force and character to their sayings.

Unlike most vices, it is done openly, and is intended by the swearer for other people's ears.

It is a public sin against God, and a public insult to all good men. The boldest blasphemers are often the greatest cowards.

"I will give you ten dollars," said a man to a profane swearer, "if you will go into the village graveyard at twelve o'clock to-

night and swear the same oaths you have uttered, when you are alone with God."

"Agreed," said the man; "an easy way to make ten dollars."

"Well, come to-morrow and say you have done it, and you shall have your money."

Midnight came. It was a night of great darkness. As he entered the cemetery not a sound was heard; all was still as death. Then came the gentleman's words to his mind. "Alone with God!" rang in his ears.

He did not dare to utter an oath, but fled from the place, crying, "God be merciful to me a sinner!"—*Freeman.*

THE LOST BABY.

Fanny, our baby,
Our little wee sister,
Ran off one day
When nobody missed her.
Where could she be?
Mamma really was frightened,
And you would have been;
For it thundered and lightn'ed.
Down on the windows
The rain-drops were gliding:
Where could our sweet little
Baby be hiding?

We looked in the parlor,
We looked in the kitchen.
"Now, what funny corner
Is that little witch in?
Has she climbed up the stairs
So steep, to the garret?
I'm sure I don't know
How I shall ever bear it!"
'Twas her mamma said this
As she looked in the closet;
(It was not very strange
She should worry, now, was it?)

Up stairs flew her brothers,
To bring her down, may be;
But in the great garret,
Was no blue-eyed baby;
So down they ran, seeking
Their mamma, to tell her,
When they heard her cry, "Oh!
Here's the rogue in the cellar."
And, when the boys saw her,
I thought they would never
Stop laughing for ever,
And ever and ever.

She was black as the coal
In the coal bin could make her:
For a real chimney-sweeper
You surely would take her.
"Oh, look at her apron!
I wish I could shake her,"
Said mamma; and then
She forgot, and just kissed her:
A queer way to punish
This wild little sister!

—NORA.

THERE IS a satisfaction in the thought of having done what we know to be right; and there is a discomfort amounting often to bitter and remorseful agony in the thought of having done what conscience tells us to be wrong.

If You let trouble sit upon your soul like a hen upon her nest, you may expect the hatching of a large brood.



The Family Circle.

HATEM TOI.

BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH, LL.D.

Hatem Toi possessed a mare,
Fleet of foot, of lineage rare,
Black as midnight, strong of limb,
Fond as child could be of him;
Every sheikh and chieftain there
Envied Hatem Toi his mare.

Sullah Beg the mare admired,
Sullah Beg the mare desired:
Offered for her shining gold,
Many camels, goats from fold,
All the greed of man could stir,
Should her owner part with her.

Came reply: "I may not sell
Her who serves my need so well.
Born and bred within my tent,
Going where her master went,
Children's playmate, master's friend,
Let her be so to the end."

Sullah Beg, with anger hot,
Glanced awhile, but answered not;
Turned on heel and strode away,
Where was tethered courser gray,
And, in mounting, muttered: "She,
Spite her owner, mine shall be."

Hatem Toi a journey made
From the friendly palm-trees' shade,
Through the barren rocks and sand,
Speeding o'er the higher land,
Free from trouble, grief, or care,
Mounted on his matchless mare.

Moving merrily, mile on mile,
Came he to a deep defile,
Where an aged wretch he found
Prone, exhausted on the ground;
And, dismounting, asked what aid
In his need could best be made.

Quoth the stranger: "Pass, and leave
One whose dying none shall grieve.
Started I this morn to go
To yon fertile plain below;
But my feet have failed me. I,
Old and wearied, here must die."

"Nay!" cried Hatem. "I am young;
Age has not my limbs unstrung.
Let me lift you on my mare,
Who can well the burden bear.
Light and easy you shall ride,
While I careful walk beside."

Thanked him then the stranger, and,
Helped to seat by kindly hand,
Grasped the reins and reined the mare,
Till she reared and pawed the air;
Lashed her sudden till she leapt,
And away from Hatem swept.

Off went wig and caftan straight,
There sat Sullah Beg, elate;
And, with look of savage joy,
This he said to Hatem Toi:
"Though no purchase gold may make,
Strength retains what wit may take."

"Stay!" replied the other, next,
"Do not think me sorely vexed,
Thine the brute shall freely be
With one favor given to me:
Let no mortal ever wis
How you gained her. Grant me this."

"Ha!" said Sullah Beg, and laughed.
"Lose all credit for my craft?"
"No!" the other said, "not so!
But, lest future tale of woe
May be reckoned as a lie,
And some wretch unaided die!"

Sullah Beg from saddle leapt;
Straight to Hatem Toi he leapt;
Gave him reins in hand, and said,
While he reverent bent his head:
"For thy pardon low I bend,
Be my brother and my friend!"
—N. Y. Independent.

WE CANNOT have fertilizing showers on
the earth without a clouded heaven above.
It is thus with our trials.

THE STORY OF A DARNING-NEEDLE.

BY CHARLES L. BRISTOL.

"Oh! girls," cried Lulu, "there comes a darning-needle. It will sew up your mouth, if you don't run away from it."

This made the other girls start quickly, and they ran fast until they were quite out of breath. Jessie, Lulu and Marion had been out in the fields gathering flowers, and when this alarm was given they were sitting in the shade of a large tree, which grew near a swift-running brook. This grand old tree was the resting-place of the girls and boys of Paulstown, and was as well-known by the children as their own homes.

When the girls reached the top of the hill, and thought themselves far enough away from the terrible "darning-needle," they began to ask Lulu about it. Marion, who was visiting in the country during the summer, said:

"Lulu, why do you call it a 'darning-needle'?"

"Why," said Lulu, "didn't you see what a long tail it had? That is a needle, and it uses it to sew with, too. If it had caught you, it would have sewed up your mouth or your ear or your nose."

"How do you know that?" said Jess.

"Because Grannie Carlin told me so."

"Well, I don't believe it," said Jess, "even if old Grannie Carlin did tell you. I am going to ask Uncle Charley. He will know whether it is true or not."

So, when they reached home the girls asked Uncle Charley all sorts of questions about the monster they had just escaped. When they could think of no more, Uncle Charley said:

"Girls, I am going down to the brook to gather some specimens near the old tree, and if you will come down with me I will tell you about this fly, which you call 'a darning-needle,' and darkies down south call a 'mosquito-hawk,' but which is more properly known as the dragon-fly."

The girls were only too glad to go back, and as soon as Uncle Charley came out of the barn with his nets, they all started for the brook.

And now I must introduce Uncle Charley, although in his own village and for many miles around everybody knew him. When he was a little boy he was always experimenting and trying to find out what everything was made of, though this often brought him to grief. As he grew older he began to notice the little things about him, and gradually took a great liking to insects. This liking was mainly brought about from studying flowers with his mother, who was an ardent admirer of the beautiful, and whose delight was to instruct her children in botany. His sisters looked at the flowers, but he looked at the little insects that lived on the plants.

Among some new books in the library of the Sunday-school where he attended was one called "Wonders of Insect Life," and Uncle Charley was the first, and I am afraid the only scholar, to read it. The writer of this book displayed the wonders so well, that henceforth Charley was an ardent hunter after "specimens," and an earnest reader of all the books on insects that he could obtain. He was also a great lad at inventing what he wanted, but had not the money to buy. He needed a microscope to aid him in studying, but could not afford one. So, in an optician's catalogue he saw the notice of a telescope "with microscope enlarging forty times." This set him to thinking, and he took his spy-glass apart to find the microscope in that. To his great joy he found that the point nearest the eye was a real compound microscope, just what he had wished for. He could not hold it steadily enough with his hands, but bored a hole, just the size of the tube, in a stick about eighteen inches long and two inches square. By putting a block under one end of the stick, and sliding it along one way or the other, he could focus the microscope to any object that he wished to examine.

This served his purpose for a while, but one of his friends, an excellent mechanic, said to him, "Why don't you build a regular stand for your glass? Come down to the shop, use my tools, make the patterns and cast it yourself." With this good man's help, and by the aid of an illustrated catalogue of microscopes, Uncle Charley built the stand. He thus had a good microscope for his purpose, at little or no expense.

He kept at the insects, and his liking for them became known, until nearly every child in the village would bring him specimens which they had caught. Uncle Charley took great delight in explaining the uses and

structure of all these, and always told what their different missions were, so far as he could interpret the wisdom of the great Creator. This explains why Jessie said that she would ask Uncle Charley about the "darning-needle."

"Can they sew up any one's mouth?" asked Jess, as the four walked along.

"No, that is all nonsense," said Uncle Charley, "they are as harmless as common flies."

"Then why did any one ever say that they could sew?"

"Because, as they fly over the brook hunting for their dinner, they make one think of a 'darning-needle,' as it goes back and forth in mending a stocking."

"Doesn't it have a sting?" asked Lulu.

"No. The insects that have a sting have short bodies generally, and this one, you know, has a very long one."

"Well," said Marion, "it bites, doesn't it?"

"Yes, but it can bite nothing larger than a butterfly, and only the largest kind of dragon-flies can do this. They are all voracious, and eat more in proportion to their size than the most hungry lion. What would you think, if I were to tell you that a lion had eaten twenty or thirty large ducks, and four or five geese, without pausing?"

"We would not believe you."

"But the dragon-fly does this every day, if you will substitute flies for fowls, and large spiders for geese. He destroys great numbers of mosquitoes and gnats, which would be harmful to us, were they not destroyed by this butcher. But since we have a good way to walk, let me ask you a few questions. Which of you knows why we call flies, bees, butterflies and the like, insects?"

None of the girls could answer.

"The reason is because, as you notice in this wasp that I have just caught, the head is almost separate from the body, and the body itself is cut into two parts. The Latin words 'in' and 'sect' mean cut into, and therefore we use the word 'insect' to name this class of animals. In the same way the Greek word 'entoma' means insects, and 'logos' means 'a discourse,' and thus we get the word 'entomology' for the study of insects."

"I thought that they were all bugs," said Marion.

"Yes, many people make the same mistake; but if you will look into the dictionary you will find how the word 'bug' was formerly used, and why we apply it to a class of insects, like locusts and bed-bugs, which are disagreeable in odor. But here we are at the tree, and we will catch a dragon-fly. But first let us watch one for a moment."

"There is a large one on that leaf," said Jess; "and see, now it has flown away—but here it comes back again."

"Yes," said Uncle Charley, "a dragon-fly chooses a place when young, and stays near by during its life unless it is blown away, or removed by some chance beyond its control."

"Why," said Marion, "it is eating a fly, and eating it fast too."

"And it holds the fly in its front legs," said Lulu.

After this fly was devoured, the dragon-fly suddenly flew sideways, snapped up a plump mosquito, and again lit upon its leaf.

"How could it see that mosquito without moving, when the little insect was behind it?" asked Jess.

"I will show you," said Uncle Charley, and he taught "la demoiselle," which name our dragon-fly receives from the polite Frenchman on account of its graceful flight.

"Do you see these large bunches on its head?"

"Yes, they cover nearly the whole head," answered Jess.

"Those are its eyes, and how many do you think it has?"

"Two, of course, there is one on each side of its head."

"Now look through this microscope," said Uncle Charley.

"Oh! it looks like the marking on your watch-case. There are lots of dots close together."

"Yes, each dot is an eye, and each eye looks but in one way. There are perhaps 13,000 eyes in each lump, and hence he sees in almost every direction at the same time. Then there are three large single eyes, placed in front so as to see more particularly where it flies."

"But," said Lulu, "I don't understand how he can have so many small eyes, and see out of each one."

"If you can imagine the half of an apple stuck full of pins, and each pin-point came out at the core, you will have a very good idea of its eyes; and each pin in the apple will be about as large, in proportion, as each eye in the cluster."

"Don't they have any eyelids?" asked Marion. "I should think that the sun would hurt the eye."

"No, as you look at the eyes from above they are of a dark brown color, which keeps out much of the sunlight; as you look from below they are clear, and of a yellowish tinge. You can now readily understand why there is no need of eyelids, which would interfere with its sharp sight."

"Now look at these wings, how delicate, yet how strong. With these beautiful and powerful wings he can move faster than the swallow, and catch the swiftest insects."

"What long legs he has," said Marion.

"Yet," said Uncle Charley, "probably he never took a walk of more than a dozen feet in his lifetime."

"Why! what are its legs good for, then?"

"In the first place the front two hold its food while it eats, and secondly the long hind legs lift the body high enough to allow free and quick motion to the wings when it starts suddenly in pursuit of its prey."

Jessie had been looking intently at the specimen between Uncle Charley's fingers, when she suddenly asked, "Do they have any teeth?"

"No," replied Uncle Charley, "not such teeth as you have. They have jaws that are sharp, and answer the same purpose."

"Its jaws open sideways," said Jess.

"Yes, they are very much like the jaws of the lobster, and hold whatever gets into them. Above these jaws is another set, which serves to hold also, and they are as sharp as needles. Thus you see that this fellow is quite a terror to the other insects."

"Yes," said Marion, "I would hate to be a butterfly when it was about."

"I don't feel afraid of it now," said Jess.

"I guess old Grannie Carlin does not know anything about it," said Lulu.

And the girls started homeward as Uncle Charley, skillfully scooping in two or three buzzing insects with his fly-net, and opening his 'bug-box,' as the girls called it, to receive the latest victims, turned his footsteps toward the creek, where he had made captive many a curious 'object' for his microscopic study.—*Examiner & Chronicle*.

THE DRUMMER BOY.

One cold December morning about eighty years ago, a party of tourists were crossing the Alps—and a pretty large party, too, for there were several thousands of them together. Some were riding, some walking, and most of them had knapsacks on their shoulders, like many Alpine tourists nowadays. But instead of walking-sticks they carried muskets and bayonets, and dragged along with them some fifty or sixty cannon.

In fact, these tourists were nothing less than a French army; and a very hard time of it they seemed to be having. Trying work certainly, even for the strongest man, to wade for miles through knee-deep snow in this bitter frost and biting wind, along these narrow, slippery mountain-paths, with precipices hundreds of feet deep all round. The soldiers looked thin and heavy-eyed for want of food and sleep, and the poor horses that were dragging the heavy guns stumbled at every step.

But there was one among them who seemed quite to enjoy the rough marching, and tramped along through the deep snow and cold, gray mist, through which the great mountain peaks overhead loomed like shadowy giants, as merrily as if he were going to a picnic. This was a little drummer-boy of 10 years old, whose fresh, rosy face looked very bright and pretty among the grim, scarred visages of the old soldiers. When the cutting wind whirled a shower of snow in his face he dashed it away with a cheery laugh, and awoke all the echoes with the lively rattling of his drum, till it seemed as if the huge black rocks around were all singing in chorus.

"Bravo, Petit Tambour!" (little drummer) cried a tall man in a shabby gray cloak, who was marching at the head of the line, with a long pole in his hand, and striking it into the snow every now and then, to see how deep it was. "Bravo, Pierre, my boy."

With such music as that one could march all the way to Moscow."

The boy smiled, and raised his hand to his cap in salute, for this rough-looking man was no other than the general himself, "Fighting Macdonald," one of the bravest soldiers in France, of whom his men used to say that one sight of his face in battle was worth a whole regiment.

"Long live our general," shouted a hoarse voice, and the cheer, flying from mouth to mouth, rolled along the silent mountains like a peal of distant thunder.

But its echo had hardly died away when the silence was again broken by another sound of a very different kind—a strange, uncanny sort of whispering far away up the great white side. Moment by moment it grew louder and harsher, till at length it swelled into a deep, hoarse roar.

"On your faces, lads!" roared the general; "It's an avalanche!"

But, before his men had time to obey, the ruin was upon them. Down thundered the mass of snow, sweeping the narrow ledge path with a waterfall, and crashing down along with it came heaps of stones and gravel and loose earth, and uprooted bushes, and great blocks of cold blue ice. For a moment all was dark as night; and when the rush had passed, many of the brave fellows who had been standing on the path were nowhere to be seen. They had been carried down over the precipice, and either killed or buried alive in the snow.

But the first thought of their comrades was not for them. When it was seen what had happened one cry arose from every mouth:

"Where's our Pierre? Where's our little drummer?"

Where, indeed? Look which way they would, nothing was to be seen of their poor little favorite, and when they shouted his name, there was no answer. Then there broke forth a terrible cry of grief, and many a hard old soldier, who had looked without flinching at a line of levelled muskets, felt the tears start that that face would never be seen among them again.

But all at once, far below them, out of the shadows of the black unknown gulf that lay between those tremendous rocks, arose the faint roll of a drum, beating the charge. The soldiers started and bent eagerly forward to listen; then up went a shout that shook the air.

"He's alive, comrades! our Pierre's alive after all!"

"And beating his drum still, like a brave lad! He wanted to have the old music to the last!"

"But we must save him, lads, or he'll freeze to death down there. He must be saved!"

"He shall be!" broke in a deep voice from behind, and the general himself was seen standing on the brink of the precipice, throwing off his cloak.

"No, no, general!" cried the grenadiers with one voice; "you mustn't run such a risk as that. Let one of us go instead; your life is worth more than all of ours put together."

"My soldiers are my children," answered Macdonald quietly, "and no father grudges his own life to save his son."

The soldiers knew better than to make any more objections. They objected in silence, and the general was swinging in mid-air, down, down, down, till he vanished at last into the darkness of the cold, black depth below.

Then every man drew a long breath, and all eyes were strained to watch for the first sign of his appearing, for they knew well that he would never come back without the boy, and that the chance was terribly against him.

Meanwhile Macdonald, having landed safely at the foot of the precipice, was looking anxiously around in search of Pierre; but the beating of the drum had ceased, and he had nothing to guide him.

"Pierre!" shouted he, at the top of his voice, "where are you, my boy?"

"Here, general!" answered a weak voice, so faint that he could hardly distinguish it.

And there, sure enough, was the little fellow's curly head, half buried in a huge mound of snow, which alone had saved him from being dashed to pieces against the rocks as he fell. Macdonald made for him at once; and although he sank waist deep at every step, reached the step at last.

"All right now, my brave boy, said the general, cheerily, "Put your arms around

my neck and hold tight: we'll have you out of this in a minute."

The child tried to obey, but his stiffened fingers had lost all their strength; and even when Macdonald himself clasped the tiny arms around his neck their hold gave way directly.

What was to be done? A few minutes more, and the numbing colds of that dismal place would make the rescuer as powerless as him whom he came to rescue. But General Macdonald was not the man to be so easily beaten. Tearing off his sash and knotting one end of it to the rope, he bound Pierre and himself firmly together with the other, and then gave the signal to draw up.

And when the two came swinging up into the daylight once more, and the soldiers saw their pet still alive and unhurt, cheer upon cheer rang out, rolling far back along the line, till the very mountains themselves seemed to be rejoicing.

"We've been under fire and snow together," said Macdonald, chafing the boy's cold hands tenderly, "and nothing shall part us two after this, so long as we both live."

And the general kept his word. Years later, when the great wars were all over, there might be seen walking in the garden of a quiet country house in the south of France a stooping, white-haired old man, who had once been the famous Marshal Macdonald; and he leaned for support upon the arm of a tall, black-moustached, soldier-like fellow, who had once been little Pierre, the drummer.—*Western Catholic.*

HOW ELIHU BURRITT STUDIED.

The life of a man who could turn out of his hands, unaided and with equal ease, a horse-shoe and a Sanskrit primer, is interesting as a study of brain-power and industry; but interest of a much higher kind belongs to the life of Elihu Burritt. He became well known in Great Britain and the Continent of Europe about 1846, when he was thirty-six years of age, as the mainspring of great philanthropic movements, and continued to occupy a position of distinguished usefulness till his death in 1879; but until his thirtieth year he was spending twelve hours a day over the anvil in an obscure New England town.

He began to work as a blacksmith at the age of eighteen, extemporizing and solving astonishing problems in mental arithmetic while blowing the bellows and swinging the hammer. For instance: "How many yards of cloth, three feet in width, cut into strips an inch wide, and allowing half an inch at each end for the lap, would it require to reach from the centre of the sun to the centre of the earth; and how much would it all cost at a shilling a yard?" This was worked out without the assistance of a single figure set down. He "carried home to his brother," a schoolmaster, "all the multiplications in his head, and gave them off to him and his assistant, who took them down on their slates and verified each separate calculation, and found the final result to be correct." When he was twenty-one he indulged himself in a term of three months' study under his brother, to make up for a winter lost through sickness five years before. These months were given to mathematics, "half hours and corner moments" being devoted to Latin and French; and were followed by six months of more energetic hammering in order to make up for the loss of a dollar a day. His amusement while at the anvil now was the study of Greek, carrying a small grammar in his hat; other languages occupied his spare moments morning, noon, and night. The student instinct grew masterful, and craved another three months' indulgence. He went to New Haven merely for the sake of the atmosphere of Yale, and set himself down to the Iliad, resolved that if he could master the first two lines in a whole day he would never ask help of any man in acquiring knowledge of the Greek language. "By the middle of the afternoon I won a victory which made me feel strong and proud, and which greatly affected my subsequent life. I mastered the first fifteen lines and committed the original to memory; and walked out among the classic trees of the Elm City and looked up at the colleges, which once had half awed me, with a kind of defiant feeling. I now divided the hours of each day between Greek and other languages, including Latin, French, Spanish, Italian, German, and Hebrew, giving to Homer about half the time."

Such a man—he was now twenty-two—seemed certainly more fit to be a school-master than a blacksmith; but a year's trial proved that the sedentary life of a pedagogue was seriously injuring his health, so he exchanged it for that of a commercial traveller. Next he became a grocer; but Elihu Burritt was not one over whose grave the pungent French epigram was to be written—"Born a Man: Died a Grocer." His talents might, however, have been choked in molasses and mammon but for the trade convulsion of 1837, which mercifully tossed him naked out of the provision store. Resolved to make a fresh start in life, he walked to Boston, but failed to find there work for his hammer and food for his mind. Turning to Worcester, "he not only found ready employment at the anvil, but also access to the large and rare library of the Antiquarian Society containing a great variety of books in different languages." Here he was happy, working hard with his hands and harder with his brains, rejoicing when he could earn something above the weekly average by piece-work, so as to be free to spend longer time in the library among Icelandic, Samaritan, and Celto-Breton MSS. In August, 1838, he amused himself by writing an epistle in the language last named to the Royal Antiquarian Society of France; and "in the course of a few months a large volume, bearing the seal of that society, was delivered to him at the anvil, containing his letter in Celto-Breton, with an introduction by M. Audren de Kerdrel testifying to its correctness of composition." He kept a daily journal, from which the following record of a week has been taken since his death:—

"Monday, June 18th.—Headache; forty pages Cuvier's 'Theory of the Earth'; sixty-four pages French; eleven hours forging. Tuesday.—Sixty-five lines of Hebrew; thirty pages of French; ten pages of Cuvier's 'Theory'; eight lines Syriac; ten lines Danish; ten lines Bohemian; nine lines Polish; fifteen names of stars; ten hours forging. Wednesday.—Twenty-five lines Hebrew; fifty pages of Astronomy; eleven hours forging. Thursday.—Fifty-five lines of Hebrew; eight ditto Syriac; eleven hours forging. Friday.—Unwell (at which we need not wonder.) Nevertheless twelve hours forging. Saturday.—Unwell; fifty pages Natural Philosophy; ten hours forging. Sunday.—Lesson for Bible Class."

This sort of thing went on till he had got some knowledge of all the European languages, with Hebrew, Syriac, Chaldean, Samaritan, and Ethiopic to boot. Then he took courage to write to one William Lincoln, Esq., who had showed him kindness, asking to be put in the way of earning money by translating some German book. Mr. Lincoln showed the letter to General Everett, who read it at a mechanics' institute; and the modest blacksmith was overwhelmed by seeing his letter at full length in the newspapers. "My first idea was," he tells us, "not to go back to my lodging to take a garment, but to change my name and abscond to some back town in the country, and hide myself from the kind of fame I apprehended." But he stood his ground, and nothing worse came of the incident than an invitation to dine with General Everett, and an offer from several wealthy gentlemen of "all the advantages which Harvard University could afford." Nobody could have blamed Elihu Burritt had he accepted the generous offer; at the same time we admire the sterling Puritan stuff of the man who, having got so far up the hill on his own legs, thought it best not to accept the offer of a carriage. "I declined, with grateful appreciation of the offer, preferring, both for my health and other considerations, to continue my studies in connection with manual labor." From this time he was known as the Learned Blacksmith.—*Alexander MacLeod Symington, B.A., in Sunday Magazine.*

"BE PATIENT, MY DEAR."

"Mother," said Mary, "I can't make Henry put his figures as I tell him."

"Be patient, my dear, and do not speak so sharply."

"But he won't let me tell him how to put the figures," said Mary, very pettishly.

"Well, my dear, if Henry won't learn a lesson in figures, suppose you try to teach him one in patience; and perhaps, when you have learned this, the other will be easier to both."

Mary hung her head; for she felt that it was a shame to any little girl to be fretted by such a little thing, and she began to think that perhaps she deserved to be blamed as well as Henry.—*Canada Presbyterian.*

ABOUT FERNS.—One of the most curious, as well as beautiful things we have learned by means of the microscope, is the arrangement of the seeds—or what takes the place of seeds—of ferns. These objects the botanists say are not true seeds, but spores, and they grow on the back of the fern. They are usually arranged in a tiny cup or basket, which bursts apart when ripe, and scatters its contents about. Some of the little cups have a cover like half a pea-pod, and others have two covers. Some of them are uncovered, and look like piles of oranges, of bright, gold color, and others have a sort of tiny umbrella standing up among them. One kind looks like fairy baskets of fruit, and another, thrust under scales of the fern, resembles the bows peeping out of the lace in an old-fashioned cap border. Each fern has immense numbers of these seed cups; in one sort—the Hartstongue fern—as many as eighteen millions of spores are calculated to be grown on each frond.—*Golden Rule.*

Question Corner.—No. 18.

Answers to these questions should be sent in as soon as possible and addressed Editor Northern Messenger. It is not necessary to write out the question, give merely the number of the question and the answer. In writing letters always give clearly the name of the place where you live and the initials of the province in which it is situated.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

205. To whom did God promise that his children should be in numbers as the stars in heaven?
206. What were the five cities of the plain?
207. Who was the founder of the Hebrew nation?
208. What was the first miracle performed by Christ?
209. To whom was the name Hebrew first given?
210. Where is mention first made of the purchase of land?
211. Where is the promise, "Before they call I will answer; and while they are yet speaking I will hear"?
212. In what parable does Christ liken the Word of God to seed?
213. Did the Lord Jesus ever pay tribute money?
214. Where did he obtain it?
215. On what three occasions did an audible voice speak from heaven to Christ?
216. What king set up a carved image in the temple?

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

Faith shall be swallowed up in sight,
Hope in fulfilment end,
When on our twilight life the light
Of heaven shall descend.

A sister-grace to these, more great,
Shall brighten when they wane;
O let us more and more to this,
Even in this life, attain!

The initials of the following will give the name of this most excellent grace:

1. The grandmother of Timothy.
2. The good servant of a wicked king, who kept one hundred prophets of the Lord from the vengeance of the queen.
3. A queen who resisted her husband's command, and was deposed.
4. A good man, but a bad father.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 16

181. In the time of Saul, 1 Sam. xiii. 19.
182. To the Philistines, 1 Sam. xiii. 20.
183. Because of his conduct at the waters of Meribah, Num. xx. 10, 13.
184. Joshua, Num. xxvii. 18, 23.
185. Shake off the dust of their feet against it, Matt. x. 14.
186. At Antioch in Pisidia, Acts xiii. 51.
187. Matthew, Mark, Luke and John.
188. The Acts of the Apostles.
189. Fourteen.
190. A letter.
191. Two: First and second epistles of Peter.
192. Three: First, second and third epistles of John.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA:

1. E-l-beth-el—Gen. xxxiv. 7.
2. Z-ipporah—Ex. xviii. 1.
3. R-uth—Ruth i. 16.
4. A-sahel—2 Sam. ii. 18.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

To No. 16.—Ada L. Potts, 12 en.
To No. 15.—George Young, 11; Cora M. McIntire, 12; Fred. T. Bowen, 11; John Leask, 11; Annie R. Dickson, 7; Frederick W. Kerr, 6.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From the International Lessons for 1880, by Edwin W. Rice, as issued by American Sunday School Union.)

LESSON XIII.

SEPT. 20.]

A TEMPERANCE LESSON.

ISAIAH'S TEMPERANCE PRINCIPLES.
Isa. 5: 11-24.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 22-24.

11. Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning, that they may follow strong drink; that continue until night, till wine inflame them.
12. And the harp, and the viol, the tabret, and pipe, and wine, are in their feasts; but they regard not the work of the Lord, neither consider the operations of his hands.
13. Therefore my people are gone into captivity, because they have no knowledge: and their honorable men are famished, and their multitude dried up with thirst.
14. Therefore hath he enlarged herself, and opened her mouth without measure: and their glory, and their multitude, and their pomp, and he that rejoiceth, shall descend into it.
15. And the mean man shall be brought down, and the mighty man shall be humbled, and the eyes of the lofty shall be humbled:
16. But the Lord of hosts shall be exalted in judgment, and God that is holy shall be sanctified in righteousness.
17. Then shall the lambs feed after their manner, and the waste places of the fat ones shall strangers eat.
18. Woe unto them that draw iniquity with cords of vanity, and sin as it were with a cart rope:
19. That say, let him make speed, and hasten his work, that we may see it: and let the counsel of the Holy One of Israel draw nigh and come, that we may know it!
20. Woe unto them that call evil good, and good evil; that put darkness for light, and light for darkness; that put bitter for sweet and sweet for bitter!
21. Woe unto them that are wise in their own eyes, and prudent in their own sight!
22. Woe unto them that are mighty to drink wine, and men of strength to mingle strong drink:
23. Which justify the wicked for reward, and take away the righteousness of the righteous from him!
24. Therefore shall the fire devour them; the flame shall consume them; and they shall bring forth as stubble, and the flame shall burn them; and they shall be as rottenness, and their blossom shall go up as dust: because they have cast away the law of the Lord of hosts, and despised the word of the Holy One of Israel.

GOLDEN TEXT.

He shall not fall nor be discouraged, till he have set judgment in the earth.—Isa. 42:4.

TOPIC.

The woe of those that follow strong drink.

NOTE.—This chapter begins a new prophecy, which is introduced by the beautiful parable of a vineyard; and then pronounces God's severe judgments upon intemperance, and various other sins of God's people.

LESSON OUTLINE.—(1.) WOE TO THE HABITUAL DRINKER. (11.) WOE TO THE HARD DRINKER.

I. THE HABITUAL DRINKER.—(11.) EARLY.... FOLLOW STRONG DRINK, it was especially shameful to drink early in the morning, see Acts 2: 15; CONTINUE UNTIL NIGHT, spend their time in dram-shops, or in revelry and carousals, see v. 12. (12.) REGARD NOT.... THE LORD, wine-drinkers, and those delighting in such revels usually scorn religion, and despise the Lord's commands. (13.) CAPTIVITY, these go into bondage both of body and soul, worse than Assyrian bondage; Satan leads them captive at his will. (14.) HELL PATH ENLARGED, this may be used as a frightful picture of the end toward which fashionable drinking leads; yet all these mean to stop on the side of moderate drinking, or at least of safety from the drunkard's doom.

II. THE HARD DRINKER.—(21.) MIGHTY TO DRINK, this is the sixth woe mentioned—the first is against avarice; the second, against early intemperance; the third, against perseverance in sin; the fourth, against confounding right with wrong, and the opposite; the fifth, against self-conceit; the sixth against drunken and corrupt judges; MINGLE STRONG DRINK, with spices, or mix one kind of strong drink with another, to make it more intoxicating (Prov. 9: 2, 5). (23.) TAKE AWAY RIGHTEOUSNESS, in the drunken condition they render unjust judgments; (24.) FIRE, literally, "tongue of fire," that is, flame, which the Rabbins explain resembles a "tongue of fire." Compare Virgil's figure in the *Æneid*, "with gentle touch the lambent flame glides harmlessly along his hair."

WOE

For early drinking.
For all day drinking.
For wine drinking.
Eternal!

FOURTH QUARTER.
LESSON I.

OCT. 3.]

ISAAC'S PROSPERITY.

Gen. 26: 12-25.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 23-25.

12. Then Isaac sowed in that land, and received

in the same year an hundredfold: and the Lord blessed him.

13. And the man waxed great, and went forward and grew until he became very great:

14. For he had possession of flocks, and possession of herds, and great store of servants: and the Philistines envied him.

15. For all the wells which his father's servants had digged in the days of Abraham his father, the Philistines had stopped them, and filled them with earth.

16. And Abimelech said unto Isaac, Go from us; for thou art much mightier than we.

17. And Isaac departed thence, and pitched his tent in the valley of Gerar, and dwelt there.

18. And Isaac digged again the wells of water, which they had digged in the days of Abraham his father; for the Philistines had stopped them after the death of Abraham; and he called their names after the names by which his father had called them.

19. And Isaac's servants digged in the valley, and found there a well of springing water.

20. And the herdmen of Gerar did strive with Isaac's herdmen, saying, The water is ours: and he called the name of the well Esek; because they strove with him.

21. And they digged another well, and strove for that also: and he called the name of it Sitnah.

22. And he removed from thence, and digged another well; and for that they strove not: and he called the name of it Rehoboth; and he said, For now the Lord hath made room for us, and we shall be fruitful in the land.

23. And he went up from thence to Beersheba.

24. And the Lord appeared unto him the same night, and said, I am the God of Abraham thy father: fear not, for I am with thee, and will bless thee, and multiply thy seed for my servant Abraham's sake.

25. And he builded an altar there, and called upon the name of the Lord, and pitched his tent there: and there Isaac's servants digged a well.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The blessing of the Lord it maketh rich.—Prov. 10: 22.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The blessing of the Lord brings true riches.

INTRODUCTORY.—This is the only lesson from the history of Isaac. While the account of Abraham and his friend Lot fills more than ten chapters of Genesis, the events in the life of his son scarcely fill five chapters (including the offering of Isaac), before the history of Abraham's grandsons begins. A full account of how a wife was secured for Isaac is given; of the birth of his two sons; his journey at Gerar; and his denial of his wife, and reproval by Abimelech. This is followed by an account of his prosperity, which is the subject of our lesson. He next sends his son Esau for venison; is deceived into blessing Jacob instead of Esau. Of the last forty years of his life nothing is recorded, except that he lived at Hebron, until the return of his son Jacob, and died one hundred and eighty years old.

TO THE SCHOLAR.—Read attentively each week the text from one lesson to the next, and so obtain a complete view of the whole history. Try to realize that Isaac, Jacob, and Joseph were real men, living and acting just as men do now. The history we are studying is real history, though far removed in point of time and location.

SEARCH the
SCRIPTURES.
EARNESTLY,
ANXIOUSLY,
REGULARLY,
CONSCIENTIOUSLY,
HUMBLY.

NOTES.—WELLS, the scarcity of water in Bible lands made a well a valuable possession. They were frequently dug through the rock, five or six feet in diameter, and from fifty to one hundred and fifty, and even one hundred and seventy feet in depth. If dug in the soil they were protected by a curbing or lining of heavy stone, and were often covered also by a heavy stone. The water was drawn by buckets or jars let down on a rope, each person carrying his own rope and vessel. Around the wells were stone troughs to water the flocks and herds, as now seen in many places of the East.—BEER-SHE-BA, "well of oath," or "well of seven" (*Beer*, in modern Arabic still means a well). One of the oldest cities of Palestine, and at its extreme southern limit. There are now found two large wells with water, and five smaller ones, on the spot; the largest well is twelve and a half feet in diameter, and about forty-five feet to the water; another is five feet in diameter, and forty-two feet to the water. Both are curbed with heavy stones at the top, which are full of grooves made by the ropes used to draw the water for over four thousand years.—ABIMELECH, "father of the king," the name of several Philistine kings, perhaps a common title of them, like Pharaoh among the Egyptians.—GERAR, a Philistine city, probably in the "south country," below Beer-she-ba; its precise location is unknown.

EXPLANATIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(1.) GOD'S BLESSING NEEDED. (11.) MAN'S EFFORTS REQUIRED.

I. GOD'S BLESSING NEEDED.—(12.) THE LORD BLESSED HIM, the "HUNDRED-FOLD" received was in consequence of this blessing, and therefore he became "VERY GREAT." (13.) All true greatness comes from God, but even this may subject the possessor to the jealousy of the King's enemies. (14.) FLOCKS.... HERDS.... SERVANTS, the common wealth of persons in the East now. The customs have changed but little in that land in four thousand years.

II. MAN'S EFFORTS REQUIRED.—(21.)

SOWED, did not sit still. (18.) DIGGER WELLS. (19.) DIGGER IN THE VALLEY, a good place, and the work richly rewarded. (20.) SPRINGING WATER, running, flowing, really a fountain, Esek, "striving." (21.) DIGGER ANOTHER WELL.... SITNAH, "contention." (22.) ANOTHER WELL, to avoid strife, and because water was so scarce in that region; even now water is so scarce that Bedouins offer milk rather than water to the thirsty traveller; Rehoboth, "broad places." (23.) BUILT AN ALTAR, worship with work; DIGGER A WELL, see Notes.

THE FAT DOCTOR.

The French papers tell an amusing story of a Parisian doctor, whose skill and experience had gained him a popularity that was not affected by the strange conduct which would have ruined the practice of another physician. Doctor David, in most respects an agreeable man and a favorite in society, became immensely stout, and could not be induced to go upstairs to the sick room. He remained at the bottom of the staircase, and thence made his patient come forth for his professional advice.

"Well," cried he to his wife or nurse, "how goes our patient?"

"Not very well, monsieur le doctor; he still keeps his bed."

"Tell him to make an effort and come as far as the landing-place."

"Yes, doctor."

Sometimes the patient obeyed, and came forth in his dressing-gown.

"Ah! well, my friend, you are a little better, are you not?"

After some sort of mumbling answer, "Eh! what?" shouted the doctor. "I do not understand you. Speak louder. A great deal better, are you not?"

"No—no."

"Lean a little over the bannister. Show me your tongue."

The doctor took from his pocket a small opera-glass to examine the tongue, which was put out for him from the second or even the third landing in the staircase.

"Put it out again," said he. "There is nothing much the matter."

Another unintelligible reply.

"Put it out now."

"Can't any further."

"Ah! well, it's all right, this tongue. The paleness is gone. There is certainly improvement. Good evening, my friend. Go and lie down again. I will come again tomorrow."

The patient mutters something.

"What do you say?"

"What must I—"

"What must you do? Continue the infusion. Good evening."

But sometimes the patient could not leave his bed, he was the prey of a fever. The doctor was informed of it, still at the bottom of the staircase.

"He is right," said he to the nurse; "he must not expose himself to a chill. Keep him warm. How goes his pulse?"

"It beats very fast."

"That is strange. Has he passed the night pretty well?"

"He has scarcely closed his eyes a moment."

"You astonish me."

"What do you prescribe for him, doctor?"

"I am going home. I will send you a prescription immediately."

It is very strange, but it is true, that Dr. David cured most of his patients.

The point of the satire is in this last sentence. The story of the fat doctor, we imagine, is intended to teach the comparative uselessness of drugs in many ailments, and the expediency of leaving as much as possible to the curative powers of nature, aided by nursing. Except when surgical aid is required, it is unhappily too true that medical treatment is in some complaints proverbially uncertain, and that cures are made with various remedies, and as often with none. One practical matter is certain. More attention should be given to Hygienic or Preventive Medicine, on the principle that "prevention is better than cure." Not only ought public Officers of Health to have better recognized and more active functions, but private families ought to "retain" their doctors by annual payment; getting the benefit of their advice and experience on questions of diet, regimen, and other helps to health, instead of merely sending for them in time of discomfort and danger. In India and the colonies it is common to have the medical adviser thus retained by an annual payment, and a similar arrangement would be often useful in this country, especially in schools and other establishments where many are under one roof.—*Leisure Hour*.

THE REASON WHY.

BY MYRA COPELAND.

I had often wondered why Miss B. never attempted any active Christian work. She had been a member of the church for years; was well educated, pleasing in manner and conversation, and with plenty of leisure, seemed peculiarly fitted to do religious work, and yet she was not at all regular in her attendance on the services of the church, and I think I never heard her voice in a prayer-meeting; and I wondered why.

Going into a circulating-library one evening, with a friend, we chanced upon a long shelf filled with the writings of a popular sensational novelist. I expressed my disapproval of that class of books quite strongly, but noticing a peculiar smile upon my friend's face, I asked her why she smiled. She answered my question by asking—

"Is Miss B. a member of your church?"

"Yes. Why?"

"She comes in here regularly every Saturday evening, and takes two of those books out for her Sunday readings."

And I thought I knew why she was so inactive in religious matters, why the prayer-meetings had so little charm for her, and why her growth as a Christian woman was so slow and unhealthy. With such food how could one be expected to grow in grace and the knowledge of God; or bring forth any fruit that would yield refreshment to those around her?—*Watchman*.

A PAINFUL RETROSPECT.

As reported in the *New York Sun*, Mr. S. Stacy, a former saloon-keeper, in an address to some Cadets of Temperance, said:

"I have seen a man take his first glass of liquor in my place who afterward filled a suicide's grave. I have seen man after man, wealthy and educated, come into my place, who cannot now buy his dinner. For eleven years I sold liquor. I had one of the handsomest saloons in New York. Some said it was the best. If it was the best, God help the poorest! I can recall twenty customers, each worth from \$100,000 to \$500,000, and only two of them are now able to buy dinners for themselves."

Such a business it is certainly well to have abandoned, but better still would it have been never to have engaged in it. The liquor-seller's retrospect is indeed a painful one.—*Temperance Advocate*.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS IN UNITED STATES.

Our subscribers throughout the United States who cannot procure the *International Post Office* orders at their Post Office, can get instead a Post Office order, payable at Rouse's Point, N.Y., which will prevent much inconvenience both to ourselves and subscribers.

NOTICE.

Subscribers to this paper will find the date their subscription terminates printed after the name. Those whose subscriptions expire at the end of the present month will please have the remittances mailed in time.

TOTAL ABSTINENCE and TOBACCO PLEDGE cards will be sent to any address in Canada for \$3.00 a hundred. A sample sent on application to John Dougall & Son, Montreal, Q.

ANY PERSON INTERESTED IN Manitoba would do well to buy a copy of "The Letters of Rusticus," with maps, for sale at the MESSENGER Office; 82 pages, price 30 cents. John Dougall & Son, Montreal, Q.

MONTREAL DAILY WITNESS, \$3.00 a year, post-paid.

MONTREAL WEEKLY WITNESS, \$1.10 a year, post-paid.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers, Montreal, Q.

THE CLUB RATES for the "MESSENGER," when sent to one address, are as follows:—1 copy, 30c; 10 copies, \$2.50; 25 copies, \$6; 50 copies, \$11.50; 100 copies, \$22; 1,000 copies, \$200. JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, Montreal.

THE NORTHERN MESSENGER is printed and published on the 1st and 15th of every month, at Nos. 35 and 37 Bonaventure street, Montreal, by John Dougall & Son, composed of John Dougall, of New York, and John Rodpath Dougall and J. D. Dougall, of Montreal.